

RESCUE MISSION WORK

HELPING HAND TO RECLAIM CITY'S
FALLEN PEOPLE.Industrial School Helps the Children
of the Poorer Classes to Clothe
Themselves.

PRACTICAL AID FOR CONVERTED

HOW SUPERINTENDENT WHEELER
GAINS CONVERTS.Beneficiaries of the Mission Receive
Much in Cast-Off Garments—Per-
manency of the Rescues.

The congregation which gathers at the Rescue Mission on Sunday nights is made up of all classes of people, but, with the majority of them, it is easy to be seen that poverty is the ruling factor in their lives.

The mission is located at the corner of Pennsylvania and South streets, and the people who assemble there come from the less prosperous sections of the city. There can be no doubt that the mission is a place where faces that are marked with disipation, hard countenances that stamp the criminal and the strong look that distinguishes the man who has been converted. The contrast of the two types is very pronounced and noticeable.

The services in this place are carried on in a way that always distinguished the old-time camp meetings, for everything is done to arouse enthusiasm and interest. The meetings are opened with song services, which are concluded with prayers, then come talks by some members of the local ministry, after which an hour or more is devoted to the giving of testimony, praying and singing. The mission draws a class of people by its mode of worship that would not be found in any other church. Often it happens that some unfortunate will drift in because he hears the hymns being sung that he heard as a boy. The congregation that gathers there is sincere and pays the greatest attention to everything that is said. Many may imagine that in such a church as this a lack of attention prevails, but this is a wrong impression. Those who go there are there for the good that they will derive from the talks. They are there to hear the words of assurance that no matter how bad their past lives may have been or how they may have wasted their youth, betterment and women may be made of them. And as the strains of the old hymn "There is no Dark River There" are heard as the closing song it is doubtful if every man and woman present does not feel better for being there.

The work at the mission is carried on by Superintendent Wheeler, Miss Rena Dowler and Mrs. Mary E. May, who devote their entire time to it. Besides these are also a large number of women about the city who assist by giving a part of their time. The work covers all forms of charitable and religious work. The endeavor of those who conduct the mission is to be friends to the friendless. No matter who a person may be, whether in good circumstances or a hardened criminal, he can go to them for advice as to how he can best mend his ways and it will be given to him. During last year there were 3,891 callers at the office. To receive all of them it can be seen was quite a task in itself. The majority of these callers were people who were in trouble and came for advice. Many of them were mothers whose sons were serving long sentences, others were men who had just come from the penitentiary, and there were still others who were in poverty. These latter needed clothing and food for their children and came for aid, which was given if found worthy. Whenever those who have charge of the mission receive words that there is a family in need they go to them without delay and furnish relief.

Every Saturday afternoon there is conducted at the mission a domestic school, the object of which is to teach the little girls whose mothers have not the time, to sew. In many cases the mothers accompany their daughters and make over old garments that are sent to the institution to be distributed. The garments when finished are given to the women for their own use, or they attend the school are in need of them. These women and little girls also pick quilts from scraps that are sent there from various factories. There is always a good sale for the quilts, and in this way the women are spared the feeling that they are dependent on charity. The school is taught by five young women, volunteers. There are about 100 pupils. These little girls, with the aid of the teachers, make various garments for themselves besides the other kinds of sewing. It has been found by experience that this school is of great advantage to these people, for in the majority of cases the mothers have neither the time nor material with which to teach their little girls to sew, and then the school has the additional effect of making them feel that they are not depending upon charity for what they get, which adds pride to their disposition.

Another thing that the mission conducts, and which is very beneficial to the children of the poorer district of Indianapolis, is the Sunday school. This has all the time about 125 pupils and toward the holidays they increase to about twice this number because the Christmas entertainment is regarded as one of the features of the year. Those in charge of the mission always at this time give candies to the children and also have a Christmas tree. This is always looked upon as a great treat by the children, few of whom have festivities at their own homes. Those who do attend the Sunday school, which is taught by volunteer teachers, manifest great interest in the work and are all very regular in their attendance. It is a very interesting sight to visit the school on Sunday afternoon and see the little folks going through their exercises. There are many of them who are exceptionally bright and who go through their lessons with more intelligence than the average. Some of them that attend are very young, but even with these the strictest attention is paid.

Superintendent Wheeler keeps in close touch with the Police Court and police authorities. In this way he is enabled to do good and help a class of people that is generally thought to be entirely lost and not worthy laboring for. Mr. Wheeler works upon the theory that there is some good in everybody, no matter how bad he may seem. His work in the Police Court is known to be of great aid to the young people who are brought there, and this is especially true with girls. Last year he attended 21 sessions of the court, which practice means that he was there every day

there was court. In this place he got forty-eight girls of these visits and returned them to their homes, found homes for them, and up to the present time every one of them has led a respectable life. Mr. Wheeler often finds men in Police Court whom he tries to convert to better lives, but who will not listen to him. He does not give up in despair, but when he holds his meetings at the workhouse, which he does every Wednesday afternoon, he hunts them out and keeps on talking to them until finally, when they have served their sentences, they will join his mission.

SERVICES AT HOSPITAL.

Besides the services that are held at the workhouse every Sunday afternoon a visit to the City Hospital is made and services are held in every ward where it is deemed advisable. It would be surprising if it was only known how many men are converted from these two institutions every year. At the workhouse there has been a temperance organization formed which is called the "Rescue Mission Club." But the total Abstinence Association. It was formed by the inmates without the aid of any one. They drew up their pledge and each signed it, and it was presented to Mr. Wheeler as a surprise. Each member of the organization wears a blue button in the lapel of his coat. At the workhouse there are large numbers taking the pledge not to touch liquor when they are released. The order is so popular that at the mission orders began to come in for the night large temperance meetings are held.

At the Rescue Mission, while there is no place to lodge people, all aid will be given any who are homeless and a place will be found for them. This institution, while independent of all other charitable and religious organizations, does not interfere with their work in the least. Those in charge of the mission aid numbers of people each year to become inmates in the various institutions who would suffer for want of account of their ignorance in not knowing the requirements of getting in such places, and because the unfortunate people always have a dread of asylums for the reason that they know nothing about them. At the mission there is always a supply of clothing kept on hand which is sent there by people who have no further use for it. Cast-off garments are always acceptable, for the demand is considerably over the supply. Last year there were 4,311 garments sent to the mission. These were given after a thorough investigation as to whether the persons who received them were worthy or not. Those at the mission ask any one who has cast-off clothing to send it or they will be glad to call for any that they are notified of. There is also a supply of provisions kept for immediate need in the event of any cases being reported after night or on Saturday afternoon, when it is too late to notify the township authorities.

One branch of the work at the mission which Mr. Wheeler has found to be of great benefit and to bring many converts to him is known as the penitentiary correspondence. He writes letters to six different prisoners—two in this State and the others in the surrounding States. In all the correspondence is carried on with something over fifty prisoners. These letters are written by Mr. Wheeler, and the idea is to give them a thorough investigation as to whether these men can be converted to religion, and in this way when they get out will lead better lives. This prison correspondence has been going on for a number of years and much good has been done to come from it. As a man who at one time was a convict, but who is now at the mission said: "The days to a man while serving his time in a penitentiary are long and dreary, and to receive letters like these from him who knows there is some one outside who will receive him and who really cares for his welfare. As a man has lots of time to think while spending his evenings behind the bars he seriously considers these letters of Mr. Wheeler's, for he thinks about every word that is written in them."

SUCCESS OF THE MISSION.

Since the mission was opened, which was nine years ago, the names of 2,840 people have been converted, and there have been 2,840 baptisms. There have also been a large number whose names are not known. In a number of cases Mr. Wheeler has kept in touch with those who have kneeled penitent at the altar, and in every instance not one of them has gone back to his former ways.

The Rescue Mission is supported entirely by voluntary subscriptions from people about town. Although in the last few years there have been two big seasons of bad weather, the mission has been able to keep its building in the course of a few years a new building can be constructed, as the present one is not large enough to accommodate the crowds that gather. The present officers of the institution are: President, W. H. Elvin; vice president, T. H. Spann; secretary and treasurer, W. H. Hubbard. The advisory board is composed of the Rev. Mr. J. H. Dymally, W. H. Roll and J. H. Dymally. The organization is entirely nonsectarian and every minister in the city at some time delivers a sermon before the mission's congregation.

Great Pleasure at No Cost.

Detroit Free Press.

"The best part of my summer at the lake did not cost a single cent," said a brown-faced, busy-looking man in the lobby of the Denison hotel the other day. "The distinct feature of the modern hotel in this country is the ascendancy of what is called the 'European plan,' but which isn't European at all. It is the best thing that has happened to the hotel industry since the American life which has compelled the separation of the rooming and dining charges of the hotel. This changed condition of hotel life is noticeable all over the United States, and the new hotels that are being built, including the handsome one you are soon to have here in Indianapolis, are all giving special attention to this up-to-date arrangement of things. The proper name for the new method of hotel living is the 'optional plan.' In the old way, if a hotel had 20 guests a day the catering was based upon that number, and each guest paid his proportion, whether he took his meals in the general dining room or not, but this was unprofitable on account of the coming and going of great numbers of guests within an hour or so, resulting in a lack of uniformity in the numbers of guests from one day to another."

"In any of the three or four dining rooms in the modern hotels the guest may be served with a good table d'hôte dinner, a chop and a bottle of beer, a breakfast of bacon and eggs or coffee and rolls—in fact, as much or as little as he may desire. It is true that he generally pays more for the service in the long run than if he were living on the old 'American plan,' but Americans like to please themselves and to suit their own convenience in eating as well as in everything else, and the big general dining rooms have been doomed for some time to gradually disappear. I think it will be a question of a short time when the old American plan of hotel life will be among the things of the past."

Some people are awfully absent-minded," said an attendant at the public library.

TALKS ON LIVE TOPICS

ENORMOUS INCREASE IN THE WEAR-
ING OF EYE GLASSES.How Big Circles Inspect Their Ad-
vance Advertising—Advance of Ho-
tels on the European Plan.

"Have you ever stopped to notice how many people of Indianapolis are wearing glasses?" said one of the best-known oculists of the city the other day. "While it is true that there is more eye trouble in this city than there used to be, it is also true that people give more attention to their eyes than formerly. People seem to realize nowadays that the maladies which formerly were always called 'headaches' or 'neuralsgia' were, nine times out of ten, pains brought on by defective eyesight, and instead of taking headache and neuralsgia medicines the sufferers are now showing their good sense by having their eyes examined at once by the excellent eye specialists for which this city is becoming noted. A stranger in the city remarked to me the other day that one of the things about Indianapolis that had impressed him particularly was the surprising number of people here that wear glasses. For my part I don't regard this as proof that Indianapolis generally are affected with poor eyesight, but rather that they display admirable common sense by adopting so promptly the surest method of curing themselves of some of the 'ills that flesh is heir to.'"

"At the same time there is no doubt that more eye trouble is noticeable here than ever before, and I believe that the prevalence of soft coat soil in the air has much to do with it. I know for a fact that the presence of the innumerable particles of foreign matter, and the dust which is caught in business in cities really that it pays them to have their town grow and they are willing to hire desirable inhabitants to come to them. They rely upon getting their money back in the increased value of land or the general increase in business. The result is that the migratory disposition is intensified and it has become a familiar thing not only for individuals to move, but for great aggregations of people to do so. It is not only for business activities from one city to another."

TEST OF "TERRALIG."

Baltimore Inventor's Artificial Fuel
Given a Public Trial.

In the presence of a number of gentlemen, prominent among whom was Commissioner of Street Cleaning Paul Iglehart, who had been invited to witness the demonstration, a public test was made yesterday afternoon at 4 o'clock at the tannery of Mr. Charles A. Zipp, 1403 East Madison street, of "terralig," the new artificial fuel invented by Dr. Jacob Mellinger, a well-known chemist of 2515 Madison avenue, the theory of whose experiments was told in the Sun on Aug. 15 last.

Those who were present, in addition to Commissioner Iglehart and Dr. Mellinger, were Mr. Alexander Hamill, of the Hammond Ice Company; Mr. John Baumann, of the John Baumanns' Brewery; Mr. Solomon Strauss, of the National Brewing Company; Mr. H. Fred Gauss, of the Boker-McKenney Company; Justice J. Frank Robinson; Dr. Charles W. Klingensmith; Dr. Edward Persohn, Jr.; Dr. Wolf, Mr. William Creamer, Mr. G. A. Zipp and a reporter of the Sun.

The first test, which was considered by all present to be a most successful one, was made in an ordinary brick burner. Paper and a small quantity of the "terralig" were placed on top. In a very few minutes the "terralig" was burning brightly and throwing out an intense heat. No odor or smoke was apparent after the first few minutes. On the top of the "terralig" was placed a small mass of hot coals, and the "terralig" was still burning brightly and throwing out an intense heat.

Following the test in the stove a second one was made in a furnace which runs the engine in Mr. Zipp's place. The coals in the furnace were at a red heat when the "terralig" was placed on top, and the latter ignited almost immediately and continued burning until the fuel had been reduced to white ash.

The fuel used yesterday had been subjected to a pressure of 100 pounds, and was found to be of the same quality and half in diameter by three inches long. From statements made by Dr. Mellinger it was learned that the "terralig" is made of 30,000 to 120,000 pounds which he claims will give the fuel the required heat. The "terralig" is made of a mixture of 30,000 to 120,000 pounds which he claims will give the fuel the required heat. The "terralig" is made of a mixture of 30,000 to 120,000 pounds which he claims will give the fuel the required heat.

The general dining room of the big American hotel is gradually giving way to ordinary, grill rooms and breakfast rooms," remarked a traveling man in the lobby at the Denison hotel the other day. "The distinct feature of the modern hotel in this country is the ascendancy of what is called the 'European plan,' but which isn't European at all. It is the best thing that has happened to the hotel industry since the American life which has compelled the separation of the rooming and dining charges of the hotel. This changed condition of hotel life is noticeable all over the United States, and the new hotels that are being built, including the handsome one you are soon to have here in Indianapolis, are all giving special attention to this up-to-date arrangement of things. The proper name for the new method of hotel living is the 'optional plan.' In the old way, if a hotel had 20 guests a day the catering was based upon that number, and each guest paid his proportion, whether he took his meals in the general dining room or not, but this was unprofitable on account of the coming and going of great numbers of guests within an hour or so, resulting in a lack of uniformity in the numbers of guests from one day to another."

"In any of the three or four dining rooms in the modern hotels the guest may be served with a good table d'hôte dinner, a chop and a bottle of beer, a breakfast of bacon and eggs or coffee and rolls—in fact, as much or as little as he may desire. It is true that he generally pays more for the service in the long run than if he were living on the old 'American plan,' but Americans like to please themselves and to suit their own convenience in eating as well as in everything else, and the big general dining rooms have been doomed for some time to gradually disappear. I think it will be a question of a short time when the old American plan of hotel life will be among the things of the past."

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"We have evidence from day to day of the forgetfulness of people of all classes. There is a tendency on the part of many patrons of the public library to forget things and leave them in the books they have been reading. Articles of every kind and description are found from time to time in the volumes. Letters are the articles most commonly found in the books returned by readers. If they are sent, stamped and addressed, they are sent on their way, opened letters addressed to persons unknown are kept a reasonable length of time and then destroyed, unless they are claimed by somebody."

"Spectacles and even scissors are often discovered between the pages of books, but such things usually find their way back to their owners. Bookmarks, endearers to their possessors by some association, are frequent visitors at the library, and I know of one book-mark in particular that has been found in the big red brick building opposite the courthouse on the 'off days' of the week? And yet if you ask any of the hucksters that play so important a part in the public market of Indianapolis which day is the busiest one in all the week for them, they will answer, 'Why, Friday, of course.' And a Friday morning visit to the big red brick structures and the rambling little buildings in the rear will convince you that, after all, it is the 'resting ready' for market day that affords more unusual interest to the looker-on than market day itself, just as the preparations for a circus are so often more fascinating than the performance of the 'big show.'"

The great fortresses of fruits, vegetables, meats and neatly-dressed poultry that attract the eye of the buyer with the market basket early on a Saturday morning have not put in a sudden and mysterious appearance since the banquet of good things in the days of Aladdin and the wonderful lamp; it has taken the whole preceding day and most of the night to place these appetizing offerings before a discriminating public in the tempting manner that will assure ready sales. Perhaps it is just as well that so few of the marketers are familiar with the preliminaries which go before the opening of the big market on the last day of the week, for some of the sights to be seen in the course of a tour of the various buildings adjoining the regular market house are not conducive to the growth of a healthy appetite. One can laugh at the old saying that "everybody must eat his peck of dirt" until one is made painfully aware of the fact that he himself is not an exception to the rule.

ARMY OF PEOPLE.

This does not mean that the army of people that gain a livelihood in and about the Indianapolis markets are more careless or less cleanly than those of other cities. On the contrary, the local dealers, stall keepers and workers in general are, for the most part, a painstaking lot of men and women, but they are overwhelmingly handicapped in their efforts to maintain cleanliness and order by the lack of space allotted to them. The market people all say that the city does not seem to realize the importance of securing additional territory for the purpose of carrying on the market properly. Nothing can better illustrate the growth of Indianapolis than the wonderful increase during the last few years in the marketing interests. All of the available space in the market houses proper and the adjacent buildings along Washburn street are utilized to the utmost; even the little wooden sheds in the big enclosure are hard at work again putting finishing touches to their arrays of tempting exhibits, but the scene of the greatest activity has now shifted to the sidewalks without, where the out-of-door market people hold forth, and to the meat market across the paved courtyard, where the meat sellers are placing their numerous chops and steaks in uniform rows along their big wooden blocks and under the big awnings. No idlers to be seen; everything is hustle and bustle; everybody seems to have a duty to perform and everybody is performing it as if his or her life depended upon its fulfillment. The sidewalks become congested with rude vegetables and fruit stands until it seems that the buyers that are to appear later on will be unable to make their way through the narrow aisles. The big wagons and carts are being unloaded all around the market place and their contents piled up under the canvass roofs of the improvised stalls. Daylight gradually steals upon the busy scene; the clock high up in the courthouse tower strikes six and at last, after more than twenty-four hours of energetic preparation, the Saturday market is all ready for the public.

THE AUTUMN BOARDER.

"Concentrated attention has been bestowed on the summer boarder for many seasons," remarked a hearty-looking citizen who lives in the country, "but nobody ever says anything about the autumn boarder. The autumn boarder is not so numerous, and by no means so fashionable and aggressive as the summer boarder, but he is just as distinct a type. In general, he is more companionable than the summer boarder, for his devotion to the country is more single minded; he seeks the farm to regain his health or from pure love of nature in her most attractive mood—her reflective and intellectual mood."

"We take a few summer boarders out at our place, and there are two of these that must have been made in the country. One is a business woman who adores the country—she stays until the snow comes, and whirls into town on her wheel every morning. She has red cheeks, and as Poet Riley says, 'eats like a farm hand.' Our other autumn boarder is a lame old bachelor. He dotes on the country, too, and says he would farm if he had sense enough, but that he is only smart enough to make a living in the city. He likes to see him split wood, drive up the cows, shuck corn and so on. He never takes his vacation in the hot weather, but always comes in autumn. Artists are great autumn boarders; they know when the country is most beautiful. Among steady autumn boarders hunters must be counted. Many sportsmen take no summer outing, looking cheerfully forward to the game season. Lots of moribund victims, and other nervous people, come to the country in autumn, too; their doctors send them out when other boarders are gone, and the farmhouses are quiet. As a rule, the autumn boarder is no trouble whatever; he likes everything that happens on the farm, and fits into the farm household like some happy old exiled cow that is glad to get back to pasture."

Mr. Wu Tingfang.

The fixing of the day for the departure of Mr. Wu Tingfang makes appropriate a renewal of the expression of appreciation of his long and successful career in the United States. He returns to China to assume very important duties, for which he is well qualified. He has studied to much advantage the customs and methods, social, commercial and political, of one of the most progressive of the Occidental powers, and the result has been to bring him a new degree of appreciation of his own country. His recommendations to his countrymen, therefore, in the matter of establishing closer business relations with the outside world will be valuable, and we may hope for their adoption. In time, by sending Mr. Wu to the Chinese legation in Washington, and then recalling them to fill important posts at home where their foreign education and observation may be utilized. China will throw off her long lethargy, and "get a move on" which will greatly benefit her and all the world. No event would be more notable than the adding of her four hundred million people to the support of up-to-date methods and the consumption of up-to-date products.

As to Pine Pedigrees.

The expression, "The Astors," "The Vanderbilts" or "The Goulds," is the American equivalent for the English threepence phrase, "the Rothschilds," "coming across the Mayflower"—it would take the whole new Morgan fleet to take them all back again—equally as they came over with the conqueror in England. But, talking about ancestry—from shirt sleeves to Newport cottages, who's who and that sort of thing—there is one day had been bored with the "pedigree" of the "Queen of the South Sea." These fellows talking about the antiquity of their families to me! To me, whose ancestor was the accepted lover of the Queen of Sheba!

PREPARING FOR MARKET

FRIDAY IS THE BUSY TIME FOR
LOCAL DEALERS.The Saturday Feast Requires Much
Preliminary Work—How the Stall
Keepers Are Supplied.

Most people think of the market house and its vicinity as a very dull locality indeed on days that are not "market days." Who would dream of finding interesting sights from a beginner to a hundred pounds. This little "trick of the trade" was recently discovered by a prominent Indianapolis physician who happened to walk in upon a "fattening bee," as he humorously called it, while making a tour of the market. While this practice is not injurious to the public health, the solution being a harmless one, it draws out all of the natural flavor and juices of the fowl, leaving it almost devoid of taste.

THE WORK OF HUCKSTERS.

The hucksters dealing in eggs, butter, vegetables and fruit begin to come on the scene of activity at about 8 o'clock and continue to arrive throughout the morning. They sell their wares to the stall keepers of the market house, and with the commencement of the day's negotiations between these general hucksters and the market people the big barren inclosure under Tomlinson Hall begins to undergo a wonderful transformation. All through the day there is cleaning and scrubbing of floors and counters, arranging and rearranging of great displays of all imaginable good things to eat; huge walls of apples, pumpkins, quinces, cabbages, turnips, sweet potatoes and the first golden oranges of the new season are built up here and there, and the market is a picture of activity and bustle. The pleasant scene with their beautiful and sweet-smelling wares. By nightfall everything is in readiness for the opening of the market except the displays of the perishable or easily spoiled foods, which are kept in cold storage in big ice chests until the last moment before the street doors to the market are thrown open.

As early as 3 o'clock Saturday morning the stalls of the market are being put in order. The stall keepers are hard at work again putting finishing touches to their arrays of tempting exhibits, but the scene of the greatest activity has now shifted to the sidewalks without, where the out-of-door market people hold forth, and to the meat market across the paved courtyard, where the meat sellers are placing their numerous chops and steaks in uniform rows along their big wooden blocks and under the big awnings. No idlers to be seen; everything is hustle and bustle; everybody seems to have a duty to perform and everybody is performing it as if his or her life depended upon its fulfillment. The sidewalks become congested with rude vegetables and fruit stands until it seems that the buyers that are to appear later on will be unable to make their way through the narrow aisles. The big wagons and carts are being unloaded all around the market place and their contents piled up under the canvass roofs of the improvised stalls. Daylight gradually steals upon the busy scene; the clock high up in the courthouse tower strikes six and at last, after more than twenty-four hours of energetic preparation, the Saturday market is all ready for the public.

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RIDE IN FOREST FIRE

THRILLING EXPERIENCE OF E. H.
FLAGLER IN THE NORTHWEST.Express Train in a Runaway Race
with a Forest Fire of
Great Area.

FLEW OVER BURNING BRIDGES

SUFFERING OF THE ENGINE CREW
ALMOST MADDENING.Great Fires Are Gradually Depopu-
lating the Forests of the North-
west—A Grim Scene.

An Indianapolis man was among the little company of people that recently experienced one of the most thrilling railroad rides ever known—a midnight dash for life through thirty miles of burning timber in the forest country of Washington. Edgar H. Flagler, formerly connected with Wulshofer's music house of this city, and now acting as traveling representative throughout the Northwest for the John Church Music Company, of Cincinnati, was a passenger on the North Pacific express between Seattle and Spokane on the night about five weeks ago that the forest fires burst forth in all their fury in that vicinity. Flagler spent a few days with his family in Indianapolis, and then, starting out on another Northwestern trip, and his account of his terrible experience was interesting in the extreme.

He says that the superb forests of Washington and Oregon are in danger of being completely exterminated by the fires, which, instead of diminishing year by year, seem to increase in frequency and extent. They are caused by the camp fires left burning by careless hunters or Indians, or by sparks from the railway engines. A volcano in full activity could hardly be a more brilliant and awful sight to behold than the dazzling nocturnal splendor of the tremendous conflagrations—the united brilliancy of hundreds of blazing fir trees, some lying prostrate in confused groups, others, several hundred feet high, standing in solemn array like condemned criminals until the flames rush up to their tops and break into a dense, white, too, or leave them standing as blackened, ghastly trunks.

THE SILENT TERROR.

"One who has not undergone a similar experience can scarcely imagine the silent terror that seizes hold of the hearts of the people who have suddenly been whirled into the very midst of the raging flames," said Mr. Flagler. "The Pullman conductor on our sleeping car awakened all of us passengers about midnight and told us that, through an error of judgment on the part of the engineer, the fast-flying express train had plunged into a forest fire that seemed to have no ending. The engineer, having had many adventures of the same kind, but of a less serious nature, had not hesitated to go right ahead with his engine when confronted with the burning trees, thinking that there would be no more than three or four miles of the conflagration at the greatest, and feeling assured that he could bring his train through without disaster, as he had often done before."

"But the engineer had made a most frightful mistake this time, for the express had plunged into the heart of a forest that burning forest, and with each mile the flames seemed to be raging fiercer and fiercer and the huge clouds of smoke from the burning fir trees appeared to be growing thicker with every moment, until his eyes became so inflamed that he could scarcely see to run his locomotive. The sufferings of the two occupants of that engine cab—the engineer and his fireman—must have been maddening when I go over the whole night's ride again in my mind I never understand how those two men ever lived through it. With their eyes filled with smoke, their throats so dry and parched that they could not even speak to each other, they worked away with all the life that was left in them to keep the locomotive under perfect control and to run it along the rails as fast as the engine could make it go. I talked with the engineer afterward and found that he had become an old man in the course of that awful ride; it actually seemed that twenty years had been suddenly added to his life. He told me that, as he realized the fact that the fire was not one of the ordinary sort with which he had grown so familiar, but was instead an enormous conflagration that seemed to stretch on indefinitely, his mind became perfectly calm with the hopelessness of inevitable doom, and, although he kept his engine speeding onward faster than it had ever run before, he felt that it was a useless thing to even try to run away from the all-consuming flames."

AN AWFUL RIDE.

"It was an awful ride. The cracking of the timber, the booming of the engine, the clouds of smoke that obscured even the faces of the passengers all added to the terror of it all. The train dashed on over a burning bridge that felt with a crash an instant after the last car had rushed across the trestle work. There wasn't a soul on board that train who thought we could possibly get out of that fiery forest alive, but we were hardly an outcry of fear. A silent hopelessness like that experienced by the engineer seemed to settle over us all. There was simply nothing to do but wait until the end came, and I've no doubt that some of the passengers would have welcomed a terrific crash into a canyon as a relief from the dreadful suspense. But, strange to say, the crash never came. Although the train passed over two more burning bridges during the thrilling journey, it was not until we had passed one sleeping car to another that the end of the forest fire was in sight at last, and sure enough in another five minutes, during which the long express train seemed to fairly fly through the night, we were on the outskirts of that tremendous burning forest and before long were steaming slowly into a little town, the engine panting like a race horse after a lightning race."

The platform at the railway station of the town was packed with people despite the hour. It seemed that everybody for miles around had come to see the train that had come through thirty miles of one of the fiercest forest fires that Washington had ever known. When we passed out of our coaches we were shocked ourselves to see the charred exteriors of the cars and to catch sight of each other's smoke-begrimed faces in the dim light of the station lamps. The engineer and fireman were helped to descend from the cab of their faithful locomotive and people on all sides pressed them with excited queries. But they couldn't answer—it was beyond them."